



Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

ALIEN ESCAPE



SCHOLASTIC



Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

ALIEN ESCAPE



SCHOLASTIC



My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where anything could be possible.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:
the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this
intergalactic adventure!

Geronimo Stilton



**PROFESSOR
PAWS VON VOLT**

THE SPACEMICE

GERONIMO
STILTONIX



TRAP
STILTONIX



THEA
STILTONIX

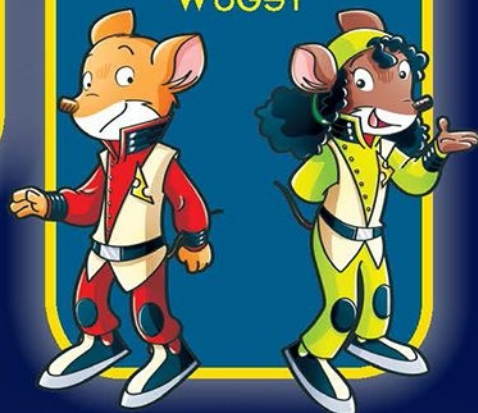


GRANDFATHER
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN
STILTONIX
AND BUGSY
WUGSY



Geronimo Stilton

SPACeMice

ALIEN ESCAPE



Scholastic Inc.

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical, now known or hereafter invented, without the express written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, please contact Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, www.atlantyca.com.

e-ISBN 978-0-545-64651-2

Copyright © 2013 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Corso Como 15, 20154 Milan, Italy.

International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A.

English translation © 2014 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

www.geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.
SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to www.stiltoncheese.com.

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Minaccia dal pianeta Blurgo*

Cover by Flavio Ferron

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (design) and Daniele Verzini (color)

Graphics by Chiara Cebraro

Special thanks to AnnMarie Anderson

Translated by Emily Clement

Interior design by Joseph Semien

First printing, May 2014

In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!

I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy traveling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

**THIS IS THE
LATEST ADVENTURE
OF THE SPACEMICE!**





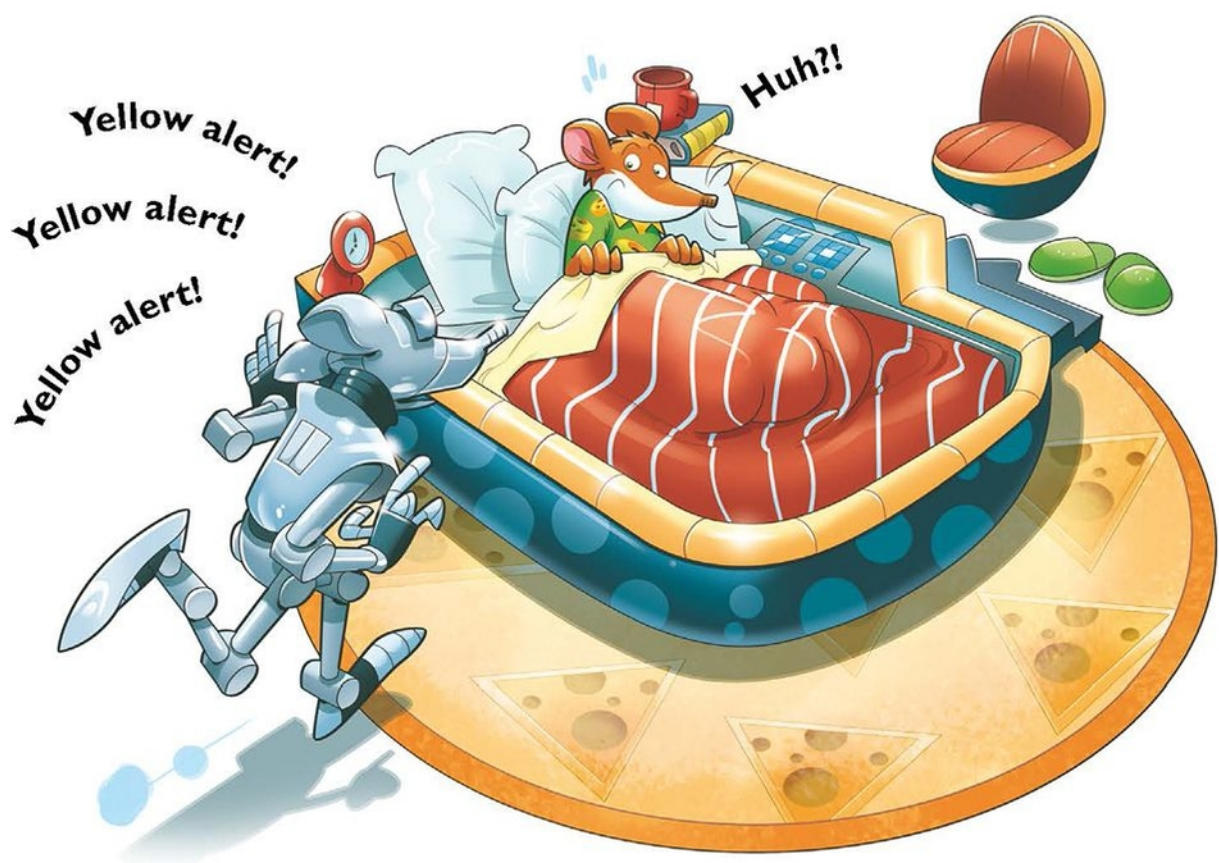
GALACTIC GORGONZOLA!

It was a calm morning in space aboard the **MOUSESTAR 1**, the most **FABUMOUSE** spaceship in the universe.

We were traveling at **super-warp** speeds in the far-off **Cheddar Galaxy**.

I was still asleep in my cabin, snoring blissfully, when **SOMEONE** appeared behind me, sneakily took hold of my blanket, and shouted in a robotic voice:

**“Yellow alert!
Yellow alert!
Yellow alertrrrrrrrrt!”**



My eyes flew open as if I'd been stung by a swarm of **space bees**.

It was **Assistatrix**, my personal-assistant robot.

"**GALACTIC GORGONZOLA!**" I squeaked. "What is it? What's wrong? Have **aliens** invaded? Did a meteorite hit the spaceship?"



“**Good morning, Captain Stiltonix,**” Assistatrix announced in his metallic voice. “It’s seven o’clock, intergalactic time. It’s time to get up. Time to get up. **TIME TO GET UP!**”

“**Assistatrix**, how many times have I told you not to wake me up with the yellow alert?” I grumbled. “Couldn’t you use a more relaxing alarm, like the *Symphony of the Galaxies?*”

“Negative, Captain,” he replied. “The **yellow alert** is the only one that works with you. Now, **GET UP, GET UP, GET UP!**”

A long mechanical arm **extended** from a compartment in Assistatrix’s back. The arm grabbed me by the tail and lifted me **up** like a fish on a hook!

“**Help!**” I squeaked. “Put me down!”



Put me down!

Get up!
Get up!
Get up!



I'll get ready at the **SPEED OF LIGHT** — I promise!”

I should have kept my snout shut. A second later, he released me suddenly, and **bam!** I crashed to the ground, smacking my snout against the floor and crushing my whiskers. **OUCH!**

Sometimes I really wish that the **MOUSESTAR 1** didn't have **artificial gravity**. In zero gravity, I would have just **floated** away instead of crashing to the floor!

I rubbed my sore whiskers as Assistatrix continued to squeak at me.

“Captain Stiltonix, you're late. Late, late, late! **It's time to wash, time to wash, time to wash!**”

MARTIAN MOZZARELLA!
He can't treat me that way — I'm the captain of this ship!

The Wash-O-Mouse

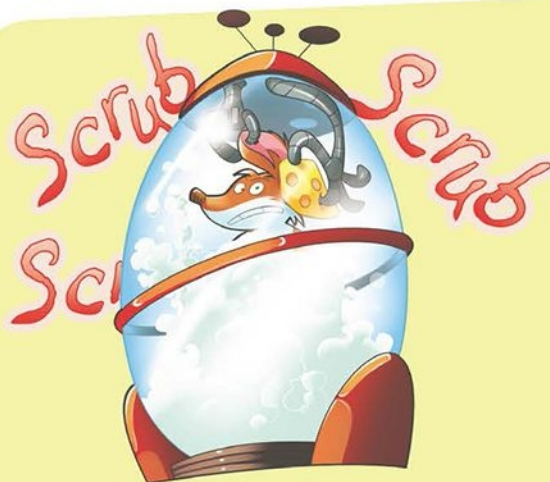
OOPS! I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I'm the captain of the **MOUSESTAR 1**, the most fabumouse spaceship in the entire universe!

Assistatrix grabbed me by the tail and pushed me into the **Wash-O-Mouse**, the ship's space-age shower. As soon as the doors closed, I was hit with a powerful jet of **icy** water!

"Assistatrix!" I cried, my teeth chattering.



Phase 1: Wash



Phase 2: Scrub



Phase 3: Dry



“This shower is **F~F~Freezing!**”

But three **ROTATING** brushes had already grabbed me, **squeezed** me, scrubbed me, polished me, and buffed me.

Finally, I was hit with a **blast** of hot air to fluff up my fur.

“Yeow!” I squeaked. “Assistatrix! This air is **boiling hot!**”

Why, oh, why was I being subjected to such **terrible** treatment? I never wanted to be a spaceship captain! My greatest dream in life is actually to become an **author**. I’ve always wanted to write a novel about the **adventures** of the spacemice. But I never seem to have the time! I’m always too busy **ZIPPING** around the galaxy as captain of the **MOUSESTAR 1**.

I stumbled out of the Wash-O-Mouse



and **shook** out my fur. Then Assistatrix opened the door to my closet for me.

“Captain Stiltonix, today I recommend you wear your *dress uniform*,” Assistatrix said.

“There’s a control room visit scheduled with the former captain of the ship, the retired admiral, **His Excellency**, the great William Stiltonix.”

“**What? What? What?**”

I squeaked. “Grandfather William is coming to the control room? Today? Why am I always the last to know? **HELP!**”

What? What? What?
Grandfather William is coming?





I ALWAYS GET SPACESICK!

“**GET DRESSED, GET DRESSED, GET DRESSED!**” Assistatrix continued, handing me my *super-fancy special dress uniform*.

I tried to put it on, but I had gained a little weight since the last time I wore it. Holey space cheese, I couldn’t fasten my **belt**!

“Don’t worry, Captain,” Assistatrix assured me. “I’ve got it!”

And with that he grabbed me, **spun** me around, **Crushed** me, **bashed** me, **smushed** me, and **tugged** on me until finally . . . **CLICK!** My belt was fastened!

I was finally dressed, but I couldn’t relax yet.

CAPTAIN STILTONIX'S SUPER-FANCY SPECIAL DRESS UNIFORM

Wristwatch
with phone

Anti-space-wind
collar

Multifunctional
belt, able to
instantaneously
translate all
intergalactic
languages

Wedge of golden
cheese, the badge of
the spacemice

Spacewalk
boots

Suction cups on
soles, in case of a
loss of gravity





“Hurry!” Assistatrix shouted at me. “The **ASTROTAXI** is waiting for you!” And he dragged me by the tail to one of the waiting **mini-ships** that transport the spacemice around the **MOUSESTAR 1**.

“Take Captain Stiltonix to the liftrix elevator to the **CONTROL ROOM**,” he

ordered the driver. “And do it at **TOP SPEED**!”

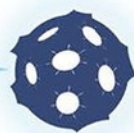
“Help!” I squeaked.

“I can’t stand astrotaxis.

Get me out of this thing!



I
ALWAYS
GET SPACESICK!”



But it was too late. The astrotaxi zoomed off and I felt my stomach lurch. Mousey meteorites — I hoped I wouldn't **toss my cheese!**

Finally, the astrotaxi stopped. I climbed out and **wobbled** toward the liftrix, which is the special elevator that goes to the **CONTROL ROOM**. Suddenly, I felt someone — or *something* — pinch my tail.

It was **Robotix!**

Robotix is a **mischievous** little robot. He is autoprogrammed, autoregulated, free-floating, and, to be honest, a little annoying. He's convinced he **knows everything** and that he's always right. He never admits his mistakes, and he always wants to have the last word in every **ARGUMENT!**

“What’s the problem, Captain Stiltonix?” Robotix asked with a giggle. “Are you lost?”



Maybe you're looking for the liftrix to get to the control room?"

"I know exactly where I'm going, thank you —" I began, but Robotix cut me off.

"It's okay, **Captain Stiltonix!**" **Robotix** squeaked. "I've always known that you need a lot of help with directions! Follow me!"

I didn't even have **time** to reply before



ROBOTIX

Multifunction robot

Origin: Built on board the *MouseStar I*

Specialty: Intergalactic communication

Identifying marks: Green head, robotic arms, and no legs

Flaws: He's a real chatterbox who always wants to have the last word!



he grabbed me by the **tail** and dragged me toward a **clear** tube.

“Go ahead, get on the liftrix!” he said bossily as he shoved me inside. “Just press the **RED** button for the control room.”

“I know, I know!” I replied in exasperation. “I’m the captain of the ship, remember?”

Of course I knew what the **red button** was for!

Suddenly, a powerful **BLAST** of air lifted



Help!

me and hurled me upward like a meteor heading straight for the moon.

GALACTIC GORGONZOLA!

Would I ever get used to the liftrix? I always seemed to get spacesick!

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

LIFTRIX

The liftrix is the fastest and most comfortable way to move around inside a spaceship. It's a glass tube that sucks up the passenger in a strong blast of air, carrying the spacemouse to the requested level of the ship.



ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

A few moments later, I popped out of the liftrix and into the ship's *CONTROL ROOM*.

My tummy rumbled and I licked my whiskers at the thought of the *lunar cheese shake* that would be waiting for me at the command chair, as it is every morning. It's my daily breakfast! I hoped my grandfather hadn't arrived yet so I could enjoy my shake in *peace*.

But before I could even make my way to the command chair, my cousin *Trap* appeared out of *nowhere*.

"Geronimo, did you bring some cheese and crackers and a few bottles of *fizzy*



feta-flavored sodas to **celebrate** our new mission?”

“What **NEW MISSION**?” I asked. “No one told me we were going on a new mission.”

Why am I always the last to know?

Trap shook his head, disappointed.

“Geronimo, I **expected** you to be **PREPARED**,” he said. “What kind of captain are you?”

PREPARED?! How could I be prepared when I was always the last to know what was **HAPPENING?!** To show him that I was a real captain, I sat down in the **COMMAND CHAIR**. And to show him that I knew exactly what I was doing, I pressed a bunch of **buttons** on the arm of the chair. I’d never done that before, but it seemed like the right move.



Whoops! Big mistake.

Zip! Zap! Zop!

A set of mechanical arms appeared from beneath the chair. One arm **sprayed** me with a fire extinguisher! Another **twisted** my tail into a knot! One arm **splashed** my feet with **water**! And another offered me a **cheese** sandwich!

Just then, the door to the control room flew open.



“What in the universe is going on in here?”
boomed a voice I knew well.

MARTIAN MOZZARELLA!

My grandfather William — retired captain
of the **MOUSESTAR 1** — had arrived! I
JUMPED out of my chair to greet him.

Before he even said hello, he pressed a
button on the chair that made all the
mechanical arms retract. Then he flopped





down in *my* chair, put his **PAWS** on *my* pawrests, and started to sip *my lunar cheese shake* as if he had never retired!

“H-hi, Grandfather!” I squeaked. “To what do I owe this, um, *friendly* visit?”

“What do you mean, *friendly* visit?” he yelled, glaring at me. “I’m not just stopping by to say hi. Can’t you see that I’m in my high-command **UNIFORM**? I took the trouble to come down here from my *super-luxurious* cabin because of an extremely serious matter: The **MOUSESTAR 1** is about to explode!”

What? What?! What?!? The **MOUSESTAR 1**, our fabumouse spaceship, was about to **explode**? This was extremely **serious**!

“Why am I always the last to know?” I squeaked.



Grandfather William took three gulps of my shake and **SHOOK** his head with disapproval. “Because you should **already** know!” he barked. “But you’ve always got your head in the **STARS**, reading and writing science fiction books! I’m beginning to wonder if I should turn the **command** of this ship over to your sister, Thea —”

“Is the **MOUSESTAR 1** really going to **explode**?” I interrupted. I may not be the **best** captain, but I didn’t want to lose command of my ship!

“Oh, Grandson, do I need to explain everything to you?” he replied **impatiently**. “Do you know how the **ENGINE** of the ship works?”

“Of course!” I replied **indignantly**. “Er, the, um, tetrastellar batteries, er, they collect stellar energy and —”



“And what happens when the stellar energy batteries **OVERHEAT**?” Grandfather prompted me.

I hesitated. “Um . . . well, let’s see . . . maybe . . . the engine **explodes**?”

“Of course!” He snorted. “And we’ll all burn up like a meteor entering the Earth’s atmosphere!”

I **shuddered**. I didn’t like the idea of **burning up** one bit!

“Luckily, **I’m** here, and **I’ve** already

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

TETRASTELLIUM

The *MouseStar I* speeds along quickly through the galaxy thanks to powerful batteries made of tetrastellium, an element that is able to last for thousands of centuries. Unfortunately, though, tetrastellium is also very rare. When a long voyage is planned, it’s important to have a good supply in case the batteries run low!



found a solution,” Grandfather boasted. “We need new batteries so we can stabilize the engine. Unfortunately, though, the *tetrastellium* that powers the batteries is a very rare element, and it exists only on a few planets. But we will find it!”

“Okay, Grandfather, but what do you mean ‘we’?” I asked. “Aren’t you retired?”

“Geronimo, I gave you command of this ship, and I can also take it away if I want to,” he replied.

“But, Grandfather, if you take away my

*I gave you command of this ship
and I can take it away!*





command, what will all my friends, all the crew, and all the captains of all the other ships in the universe think of me?”

“Grandson, there must be a *black hole* in your head if you think you can solve a problem this **ENORMOUSE** without some help! While *you* were sleeping, I had already identified a **PLANET** only three-point-seven light-years away from us that may have tetrastellium: the planet **Rattos**. We’re going there immediately!”

“But, Grandfather, I was just about to begin *writing* my novel —” I began, but he cut me off.

“Orders are orders, Grandson!” he commanded. “And **I** am ordering you to do what I say!”



ONCE IN A BLUE CHEESE MOON

Just then, the door of the control room opened again.

This time, it was my **BELOVED** nephew Benjamin and his best friend, Buggy Wugsy. Benjamin rushed toward me.



“Hi, Uncle Geronimo!” he squeaked. “Can we stay with you in the control room today?” I was just about to reply when a **GREEN**



creature covered in **LEAVES** from the tips of his ears to the end of his tail entered the room.

It looked like a walking bush, but I knew it was **PROFESSOR GREENFUR**!

Professor Greenfur comes from the planet Photosyntheson, and he is our official onboard **scientist**. He knows all the species of plants and animals in the entire galaxy! I shook his **PaW**.

“Welcome, Professor,” I greeted him. “We could use your help finding the **tetrastellium** that we need to power the **MOUSESTAR 1's** batteries.”

“At your service, Captain Stiltonix,” Professor Greenfur replied. “Though I’m surprised to hear that we’re running low on tetrastellium — it lasts for **CENTURIES**! It only needs to be replaced once in a



PROFESSOR GREENFUR

Scientist on the *MouseStar 1*

Species: Vegetal mousoid, with fur covered in leaves

Origin: From the planet **PHOTOSYNTHESON**, in the Geranium Nebula, a planet covered in leaves, and inhabited entirely by vegetal mousoids.

Specialty: Onboard scientist and expert in alien life-forms.

Habits: Sleeps in a large vase full of soil!



BLUE CHEESE MOON. In other words, **almost never!**"

I nodded. "I know, Professor, but it's **true**," I explained, trying to sound like a responsible captain. "And if we don't find more tetrastellium soon, the **MOUSESTAR 1** will **explode!**"



“**What?!?**” Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy exclaimed in unison.

Benjamin looked up at me with **WIDE** eyes.

“Uncle, is it true?” he asked, a **WORRIED** look on his snout. “Are we in **danger**?”

I hugged my little nephew closely. “Of course not!” I told him. “We can leave the **MOUSESTAR 1** in our **space pods** if necessary. But we won’t have to do that. I won’t be satisfied until our mission to find more tetrastellium is **complete**!”

“Hooray!” Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy cheered.

Now I just had to make good on my *promise*.



CODE RED! ALIEN INVASION!

At that moment, I heard a lovely, melodious voice.

“**Captain Stiltonix**, the engines are ready for *hyperspeed*,” the voice said.

I looked up and saw a **rodent** with long, curly **purple** hair; eyes as **blue** as a lunar lake; and an irresistible smile. It was **Sally de Wrench**, the ship’s expert in photon circuitry, hyperspace engines, **STELLAR** energy — and the loveliest rodent on the **MOUSESTAR 1**!

“Captain, did you hear me?” she asked. “I need your order to go into *hyperspeed*.”

“Um . . . yes, of course, of course!” I

SALLY DE WRENCH

Official mechanic of the *MouseStar 1*

Species: Rodent

Origin: Mouse Planet

Specialty: Circuits and engines

Characteristics: Excellent at repairing any kind of machine

Defining Features: She wears a hairpin in the shape of a wrench that she occasionally uses to tighten bolts.



babbled. “Go ahead and fire it up. I mean, **LET’S GO!**” I tried to sound official and captainlike, but I’m pretty sure I had failed miserably.

The engines started with an ultrasonic **BANG.**

A moment later, the **MOUSESTAR 1** was heading toward the planet Rattos! We sailed for hours before Sally finally



CODE RED! ALIEN INVASION!

signaled that we were almost there.

“We’ve arrived in the area near **RATTOS!**”
she said. “**DECREASE SPEED!**”

We had arrived! Rattos was a large planet with an enormous **pink splotch** in the middle of it. The splotch sparkled on our main screen like a gigantic splat of





strawberry ice cream.

I didn't have time to celebrate our arrival, though, because **suddenly** a hideous beast appeared next to my chair. It was all teeth, antennae, and tentacles.

"**AHHHHH!**" I squeaked. "**Code red! Alien invasion!**"





Suddenly, the beast started laughing. Then it took off its **mask** and I saw that it was my cousin Trap.

“Ha, ha, ha!” Trap laughed.

“I really got you that time, Geronimo! Oh, how I **love** playing **jokes** on you! I gave you a **real scare**, didn’t I, Cuz?”

“You did,” I replied. “But **WHY** would you do that to me?”

I should have been able to guess Trap’s response.

“Isn’t it obvious?” he asked. “I’m just trying to keep you on the **tips** of your paws! Our grandfather, **ADMIRAL WILLIAM**, told me to keep an eye on you. I’m supposed to make sure you’re always **awake**, **alert**, and **ready** for anything, and I’m carrying



out his **ORDERS!**

Mousey meteorites!

Why me?

“After all, I’m your second-in-command!”
Trap continued. “Don’t you see the **yellow**
uniform I’m wearing? It’s the uniform of
a lieutenant. **Lieutenant Trap Stiltonix**.
Sounds good, doesn’t it?”

Then he gave me a giant **clap** on
the shoulder.





“Come on, Cousin!” he said. “Before we land on this planet, let’s have a **SNACK** together in the cafeteria. Your treat, naturally!”

My stomach grumbled. Since Grandfather William had stolen my **lunar cheese shake**, I had skipped breakfast. I was really, really hungry.

We arrived at the Space Yum Café, and I looked over the day’s menu. I was **squeakless**! The specials were **Plutonian** stone soup with lichens, toasted moss from **Sprinx**, and spicy seaweed pie à la **Croz**.

“**Black holey galaxies!**” I squeaked. “This food isn’t for mice. . . . It’s for space rocks!”

“Shhh!” Trap said. “Don’t let the new cook hear you. He’s very **SENSITIVE!**”



The new cook was an orange creature with tentacles, claws, arms, three eyes, and an apron speckled with mysterious **fluorescent** stains.

“Hello, Captain. I’m **SQUIZZY**, the ship’s new cook,” he introduced himself. “Please make yourself comfortable. I can’t wait for you to taste all the fantastic **alien specialties** that I can make!”

“Um, actually, I’m not very **hungry** today,” I said.

But Cook **SQUIZZY** wouldn’t **back down**. “I insist, Captain!” he said. “Please sit down. I’ll serve you in a moment!”

“But he didn’t even take our orders!” I **whispered** to Trap. “How does he know what I want?”

“It’s obvious, Cuz!” Trap replied. “He



doesn't! But our grandfather, **ADMIRAL WILLIAM**, told him you haven't been eating enough healthy foods lately. So you're on a seaweed-only meal plan! I, on the other hand, will have a nice **CHEDDAR** shake with **chocolate** space sprinkles, as usual."

COOK SQUIZZY

MouseStar 1's onboard cook



Species: Alien

Origin: Comes from the planet Brie

Specialties: Experimental fine cuisine

Characteristics: He believes he's a great chef.

Defining Features: He has two arms, two claws, two tentacles, two wings, and three eyes!



“**MARTIAN MOZZARELLA!**”

I squeaked. “I want a **cheddar** shake with **chocolate** space sprinkles, too!”

But the cook **interrupted** me.

“Here you are!” Squizzy said. “I’ve made you a soup out of blue seaweed from Vega. ***It’s very healthy!*** Admiral William’s orders!”

SPACE YUM

SPACE YUM CAFÉ

The Space Yum Café, *MouseStar I*'s restaurant, is the perfect spot for a spacemouse who wants to relax with a tasty snack or a fine dinner! Sizzly, the cook, specializes in delicacies such as blue seaweed soup, moondust pasta, and cheddar shakes with chocolate space sprinkles.



SPACE
NEWS

Blue seaweed
soup!

Ugh!



A REAL LIVE YELLOW ALERT!

Suddenly, a siren went off and a robotic voice shouted:

**“Yellow alert! Yellow alert!
Yellow alerrrrrrt!”**

HOLEY CRATERS! That wasn’t Assistatrix’s alarm clock — it was a real live **yellow alert!**

“What’s going on?” I shouted.

A tiny yellow light started to **spin** around me. It **grew** and **grew** and **grew**, until a hologram* of a rodent’s face appeared right in front of my snout. And it was completely **YELLOW!**

It was **Hologramix**, our trusty onboard

* A hologram is a three-dimensional image projected by a light source.



SPACE
NEWS

Yellow alert!
Yellow alert!
Yellow alerrrrrt!



A REAL LIVE YELLOW ALERT!

computer! Its hologram is programmed to appear wherever it's needed.

"There's an **emergency**, Captain Stiltonix," Hologramix told me. "You must go to the control room **immediately**!"

"But what's going on?" I asked again. "Can't you **tell me** before we get to the control room?"

HOLOGRAMIX

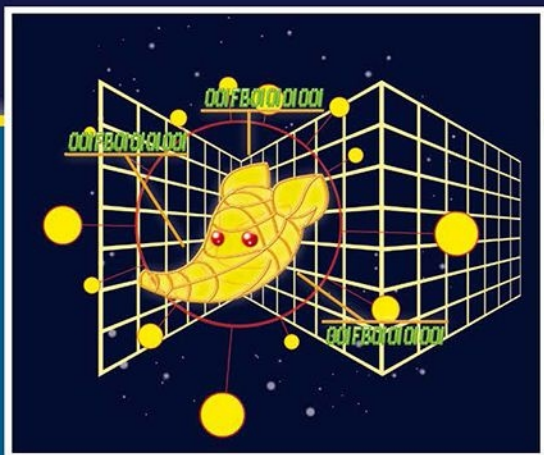
MouseStar I's onboard computer

Species: Ultra-advanced artificial intelligence

Specialty: Controls all functions on the ship, including the autopilot function

Characteristics: Considers itself to be indispensable

Defining Features: Appears wherever and whenever it's needed





Hologramix shook its head. “I am authorized to communicate **SECRET** information only in the control room!”

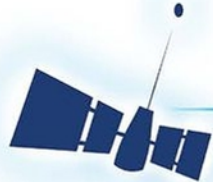
So I ***hurried*** toward the **liftrix** and hopped inside. Then I pushed the red button as **QUICKLY** as I could, but **NOTHING HAPPENED!**

“In the case of a yellow alert, the liftrix is shut down,” Hologramix reminded me. “You must use **physical energy** to transport yourself.”

I was confused. “Physical energy?” I asked.

“Use the **STAIRS!**” it explained, rolling its eyes.

Then it disappeared like a **PUFF** of moondust in the wind.



SALUTATIONS, RODENTS!

Getting to the control room using **physical energy** was more exhausting than I thought it would be.

I went up **stairs, stairs**, and more **stairs**, until I finally arrived in the control room. I was drenched in sweat, **short of breath**, and my tongue was hanging out.

Trap didn't lose the chance to make a joke at my expense.

"Cousin, you've got to **work out** more!" he chided me. "You're slower than a **super-lazy astroslug**. On the other paw, I'm in great shape. I exercise in the ship's **technogym** every morning!"

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

SUPER-LAZY ASTROSLUG

These creatures live on the planet Slothus, where they limit themselves to sleeping all day and night. The planet is covered in enormous cushions that the super-lazy astroslugs lie on without moving. To the right is a picture of a super-lazy astroslug in its most active state.



“Be quiet, you two!” Thea squeaked.
“Hologramix needs to communicate with us!”

Hologramix’s **bright yellow** face floated in the center of the control room.

“Captain, we’ve received an **alien** communication!” Hologramix said.

Galactic gorgonzola! My whiskers **trembled** with fright.

“The message came from the planet Rattos,” Hologramix continued. “Speaking of Rattos, I’ve made a few calculations to determine



the size of the planet's **orbit**. According to the *proton velocity*, the size in **quantum photons** is —”

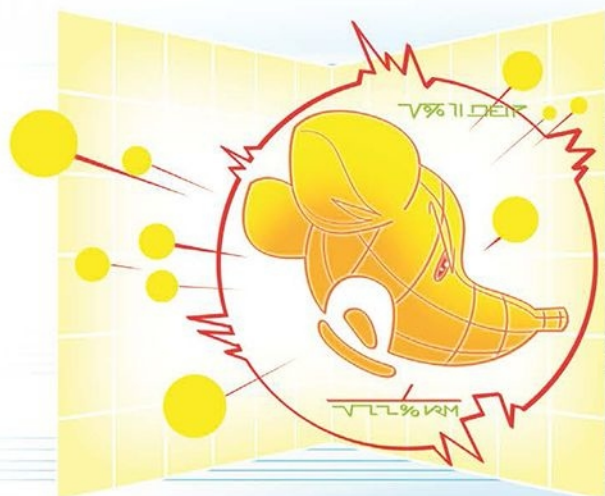
Robotix snorted under his breath.

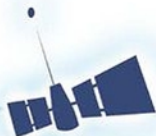
“What a planetary pain,” he grumbled. “Hologramix thinks it knows **EVERYTHING** just because it’s a **supercomputer!**”

Unfortunately, Hologramix heard him.

“How dare you insult me, you hunk of **scrap metal!**” Hologramix replied. “I am the most advanced form of electronic

How dare you?!





intelligence ever produced, and I have the most sophisticated **PROGRAMMING** of all time.”

At that point, I jumped in. “Um, excuse me, Hologramix, but we don’t have time for arguments!” I explained. “Now, please give us the **message** from Rattos.”

Hologramix **transmitted** the video message and three strange **creatures** appeared on the control room’s computer screen.

“Greetings, intrepid space travelers!” the figures said. “We are **pink mousoids** from the planet Rattos!”

The creatures had a mousoid shape, meaning they looked like mice — but they were completely **pink**!

PROFESSOR GREENFUR scratched the leaves on his head thoughtfully. “Hmm,”

Salutations, rodents!
We come in peace.





he muttered. “Very strange. I’m not familiar with this **Alien population**.”

One of the pink mousoids waved a hand in greeting.

“Salutations!” she said. “We come in **peace**, honorable rodents of the *MouseStar 1*! We know that your spaceship is in **danger**, and we are here to help. We can give you the precious **tetrastellium** that you need.”

“This is a real stroke of luck, Geronimo!” Trap exclaimed. “If they help us, the **MISSION** to find more tetrastellium will be completed before it’s even started. We should organize a galactic banquet to celebrate!”

Hmm. It sounded like we were saved, but there was something strange about those pink mousoids. It all seemed too easy!



A WHISKERED WELCOME

We invited our new mousoid friends onto the *MouseStar 1*.

I was practically **JUMPING** out of my fur with nerves. How should we **welcome** our guests? I didn't want to be **RUDE**!

"We could give them a gift of a can of precious **super-concentrated oil**," Sally suggested. "It's great for space motors!"

"No, we should give them a nice clump of **rotting manure**

that they can use in their greenhouses!" Professor Greenfur said.

"No, no, no!" Trap countered.





“I know just what they’ll want! I’ll tell **COOK SQUIZZY** to make one of his specialties. But no seaweed! And no moss. Just high-quality **cheese**.” →



“The **pink mousoids**’ ship has just entered our hangar!” Hologramix announced.

I **HURRIED** to receive them, and everyone followed me.

The pink mousoids made a formal bow. Then the **tallest** one, who seemed to be the leader, pointed to a floating sphere.

“This **gift** of tetrastellium is a sign of intergalactic friendship,” he said.

The sphere opened and a **MYSTERIOUS BOX** appeared right in front of us. It was filled to the brim with a shining **pink** substance!



I cleared my throat.

“Er, thank you friends, but maybe you’re mistaken,” I said. “I’m afraid this isn’t **tetrastellium**.



Tetrastellium isn’t pink — it’s **blue**!”

The tallest pink mousoid stepped forward.

“My rodent friend, you’re right,” he explained.

“Tetrastellium is usually blue, but this is a very rare pink **variety**. Don’t worry: It’s absolutely the same as blue tetrastellium! It works **GREAT**!”

The tall pink mousoid stepped closer to me and narrowed his eyes.

“You’ll see that this **pink** tetrastellium



will be very good for your spaceship,” he said. “In fact, it will be *perfect!*”

I turned to **PROFESSOR GREENFUR**, who was examining the contents of the box with his portable super-detector.

“The sensors have confirmed it with **NINETY-NINE-POINT-NINE-NINE-NINE-NINE-NINE-PERCENT** certainty,” the professor announced to us. “This is **tetrastellium!**”

Then he shook his head and whispered softly under his breath: “It’s so strange, though. I never knew there was a **pink** variety!”



It's tetrastellium!



Yeah!

Guaranteed!



DIFFERENT PLANET, DIFFERENT CUSTOMS

“We’re happy to be able to help you!” the tallest **pink mousoid** said solemnly. “If you stay in orbit around our planet **TONIGHT**, we’ll give you another box full of tetrastellium tomorrow! For free!”

I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS!

They were being so generous!

“Thank you so much, honorable **pink mousoids** from the planet Rattos,” I replied ceremoniously. “Our — ahem — very talented cook **SQUIZZY** has prepared one of his cheese specialties for you. Would you like to join us for a **banquet**?”



“Yeah!” Trap added. “We even have a tasting *menu*!”

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that my sister, Thea, was strangely **SILENT**. She was watching the pink mousoids **SUSPICIOUSLY**, as if she didn’t trust them.

The **pink mousoids** refused our invitation. “Thank you, dear friends, but we would like to return to our planet as soon as possible,” the tall mousoid replied. “We have, um . . . certain **business** to attend to.” **Hmm...**

They were just starting to board their ship when **Thea** stopped them.

“It’s very generous of you to give us this precious **tetrastellium** without receiving anything in return,” she said.





“We are happy to **HELP**,” the tallest pink mousoid replied.

“That’s very nice,” Thea said, still eyeing them suspiciously. “But are you sure you don’t want anything at all in exchange for the tetrastellium?”

The pink mousoids looked offended.

“For us, tetrastellium has no **value** other than friendship!” the tall mousoid replied.

“Yes, we just want to be your **friends**!” the other two mousoids exclaimed in **unison**.

“It’s getting late and we really need to go!” the tall mousoid said. “Don’t go away, though. We’ll bring you **MORE** tetrastellium tomorrow!”

With that, they threw open the doors to their pink spaceship in a **RUSH**. A moment later, they **took off**.

“Such strange pink mousoids,” I murmured.



Professor Greenfur continued to scratch the leaves on his head in **confusion**.

“The data on the tetrastellium is correct, but there’s still something **weird** going on!” he muttered. “I’ve never heard of pink tetrastellium before, and I’ve studied it for years!”

I also had a strange feeling, but I brushed it off and congratulated myself on how well everything had gone. Our mission was basically **complete**! I couldn’t wait to return to my cabin and start writing my **novel**.



RECON MISSION TO RATTOS

During dinner, I told Grandfather William what had happened. Once he learned that we had already found the *tetrastellium*, he actually *complimented* me. I couldn't believe my ears!

"Nice work, Grandson!" he said. "Since the mission is complete, we'll leave tomorrow morning."

I went to sleep that night feeling *great*. But a little after midnight, there was a knock at my door. It was my sister, *Thea*.

"Psst, Geronimo!" she whispered. "*Wake up!* We need to get to the hangar right away!"



“What?” I replied. “**Why?**”

“No questions. Just **hurry!**” she said.

When my sister gets something in her head, there’s **No Way** to change her mind. So I got up quickly and went out into the hallway.

“**HEY!**” a voice squeaked in the **dark**.
“Who’s stepping on my roots?”

“Oops!” I replied. “Sorry! Is that you, Professor Greenfur? I can’t see as far as my **whiskers!**”

“I turned off the lights in this area so that the **CREW** can continue to sleep peacefully,” Thea explained.

“Yeah, and dream of cheese, like I was doing before you **woke** me,” Trap grumbled.

He was here, too! But **why?**

“Shhh!” Thea whispered. “We have a mission to complete.”

“B-but I’m a scientist, not a **HERO!**”



Professor Greenfur protested. “I’m not trained to go on a mission to an unknown **planet**! What if I get attacked by aphids, or the climate **DRIES** out my leaves?”

But Thea wasn’t swayed.

“We can use a scientist on our team,” she said. “And you could stand to see a little **ACTION**!”

“Unknown planet?!” I squeaked. “Thea, **what in the galaxy** is going on?”

But my sister just **pushed** me into a space pod and started the engine.

“Batteries at full charge, engine in hyperdrive, all **rotors** working,” Thea announced. “Let’s go!”

“But where are we going, Thea?” I asked again. “And **why**?”

“Oh, stop your **squeaking**, Geronimo!” Thea replied. “It’s no big deal.

Ready to go for mission to Rattos!





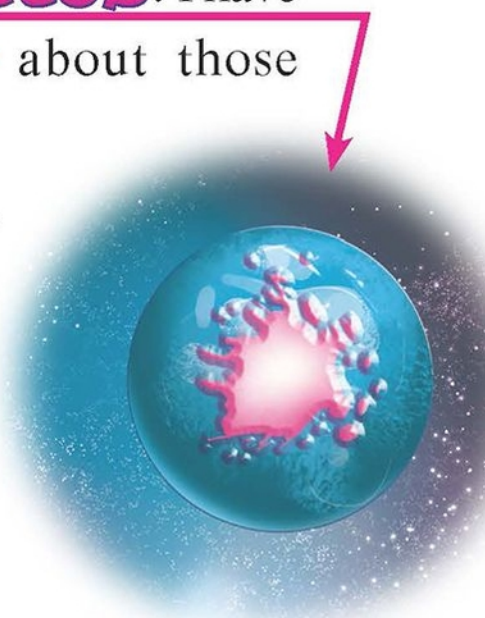
We're just taking a little reconnaissance trip to the **planet Rattos**. I have some **SUSPICIONS** about those **pink mousoids**."

Professor Greenfur nodded.

"There **IS** something odd about them," he agreed. "Even their tetrastellium is strange. I studied it closely and it seems authentic, but there's still something **off** about that pink variety."

"Shouldn't we let Grandfather know our plan?" I squeaked, **WORRIED**. "Or tell someone else what we're doing?"

"Too late, Geronimo!" Thea replied. "In three . . . two . . . one, we're landing on the **planet Rattos**, right next to that pink **blob** of a lake!"





MILK MISSION!

Meanwhile, Benjamin was tossing and turning in his bed.

A glass of **milk** would help! he thought.

With his wrist phone, he called Buggy Wuggy. Maybe she **couldn't sleep**, either.

"Buggy Wuggy," he whispered. "Are you still up?"

"Yes!" she replied. "I've counted all the *****constellations*****, but I still can't fall asleep!"

"What do you say we **GO** find some milk?" Benjamin suggested.

"Yesss!" his friend cried. "Meet you in the hallway in **two minutes!**"

Benjamin padded out of his room, trying not to make any noise. The *MouseStar 1* was

From the Encyclopedia Galactica WRIST PHONE

The wrist phone is the best method of communicating quickly and across great distances in space.

Bugsy Wugsy?
Are you still up?





completely silent. Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy headed toward the **kitchen** together.

“Wait!” Bugsy Wugsy said suddenly. “Did you hear that?”

Benjamin shook his head. “No, I didn’t hear **anything**,” he replied.

“Come on, the refrigerator is right over here.

We need to carry out our **milk mission!**”

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Benjamin had knocked into an entire pile of pots and pans! He and Bugsy Wugsy **froze** in their tracks.

They heard a sleepy voice grumbling.

“**Zzzzzzz** . . . less salt in that space-ant pie . . .”

It was **SQUIZZY**, the cook. He had fallen asleep right in front of the fridge!

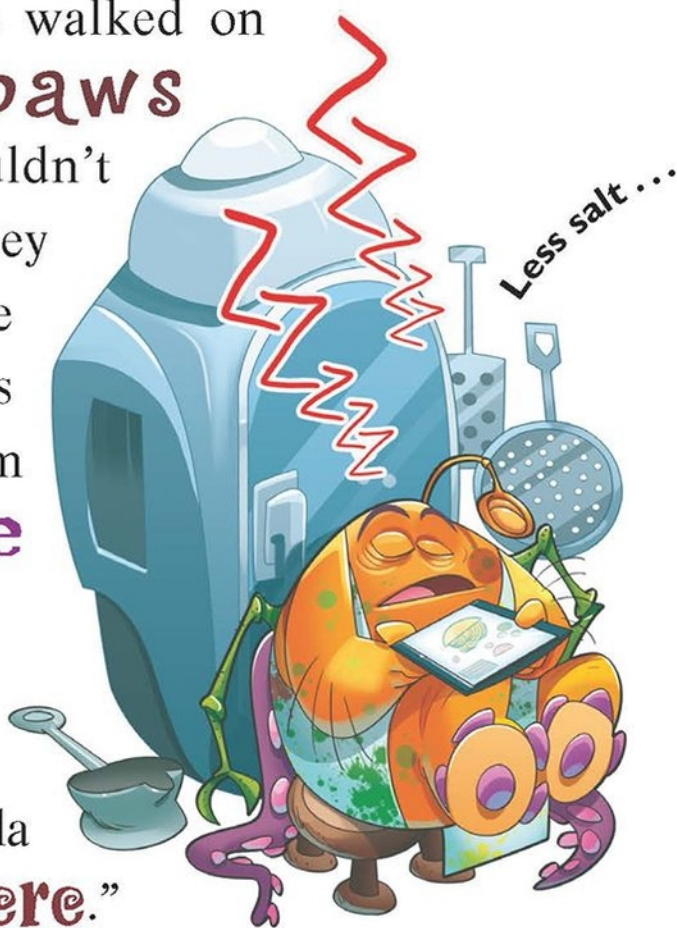


“Now what do we do?” Bugsy Wugsy asked, **disappointed**. “We’ll never get the **milk** out of the fridge without him hearing us.”

“What about the **pantry**?” Benjamin suggested. “There’s extra cheese there!”

The two friends walked on the tips of their **paws** so that they wouldn’t wake Squizzly. They headed toward the pantry, which was full of supplies from the most **remote** galaxies.

“Oh, look!” Bugsy Wugsy exclaimed. “There’s gorgonzola from Sirius over **here**.”





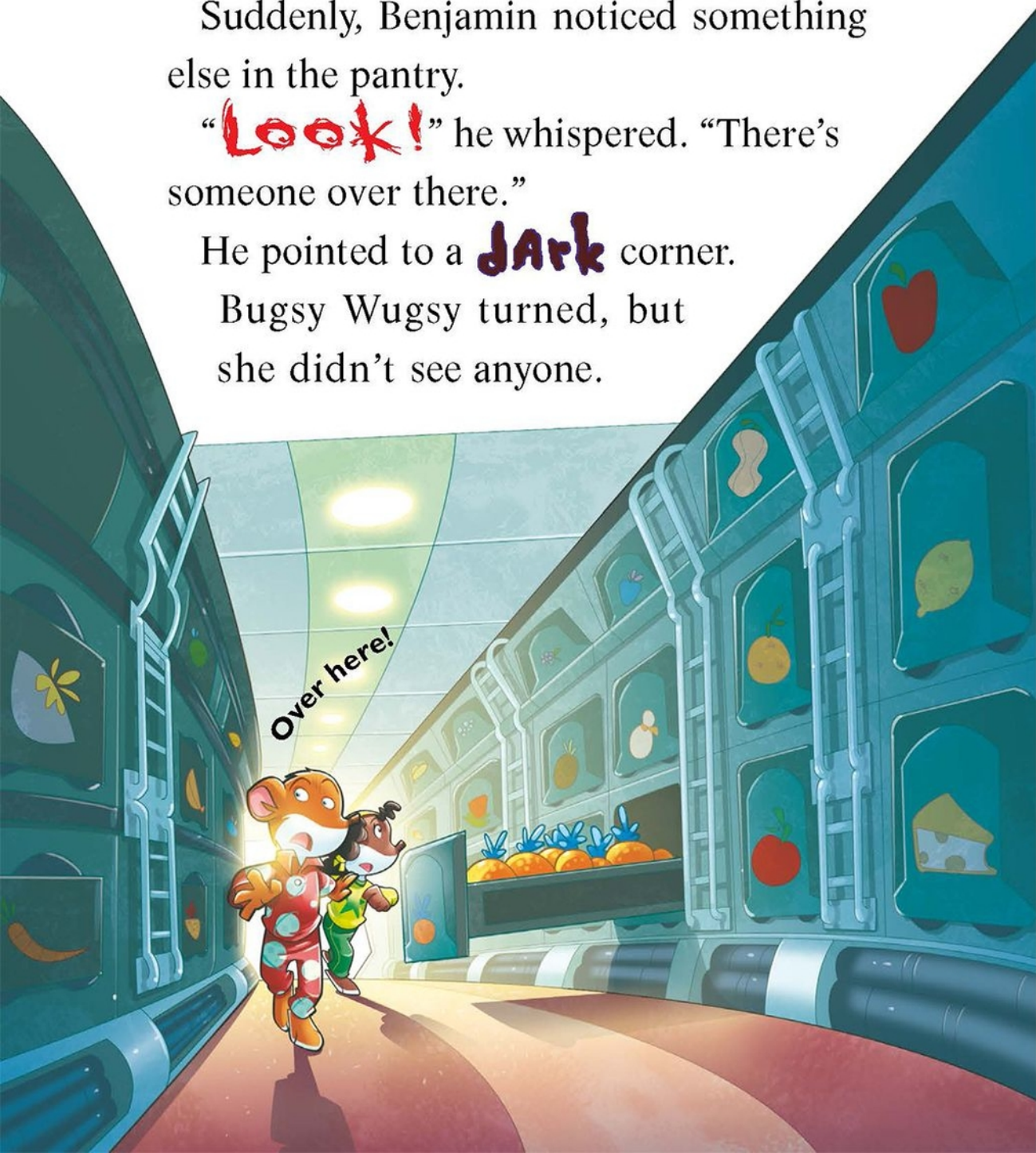
“And there are spicy cheeses from Pluto over here!” Benjamin replied.

Suddenly, Benjamin noticed something else in the pantry.

“**Look!**” he whispered. “There’s someone over there.”

He pointed to a **dark** corner.

Bugsy Wugsy turned, but she didn’t see anyone.





“Where?” Bugsy Wugsy asked. “There’s no one there, Benjamin. You must have just seen a **SHADOW**.”

“No, I’m sure,” Benjamin replied. “**Look!** There’s something **pink** moving back there.”

Bugsy Wugsy gasped.

“You’re right!” she replied. “**WHAT** could it be?”

“We should tell Uncle Geronimo,” Benjamin said. “Quick, let’s go!”



NOT ANOTHER WORD!

Benjamin and Buggy Wuggy *ran* to my cabin.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

There was no response. They tried knocking harder, but there was still **NO ANSWER!**

Then they knocked on Thea's cabin door.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

But there was **NO RESPONSE** there, either! Finally, they knocked on Trap's cabin door.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

There was **NO REPLY!** Where was everyone? It was very, very **strange!**

Benjamin tried to contact each of us using



his **wrist phone**. But he just heard an electronic voice:

“Unreachable, unreachable, unreachable!”

“Rat-munching robots!” Benjamin exclaimed. “What’s going on?”

He and Buggy Wugsy went up to the control room.

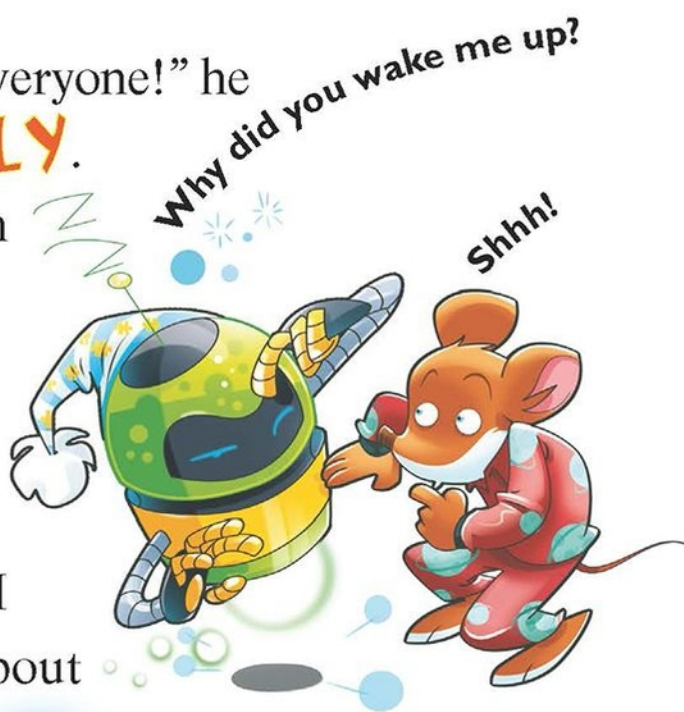
As soon as they entered, **Robotix** woke up.

“Good morning, everyone!” he exclaimed **LOUDLY**.

“Shhh!” Benjamin whispered. “It’s still nighttime!”

“So why did you wake me up?”

Robotix replied. “I was **dreaming** about





an exciting, top secret mission in spa —”

“We need your help!” Benjamin explained, interrupting him. “Can you **contact** my uncle Geronimo? Or my aunt Thea?”

“Of course I can!” Robotix scoffed. “That’s so **easy** for me! Wait just two astroseconds.”

Robotix began to **fiddle** with dozens of colorful buttons until the large screen in the center of the control room turned on. Benjamin and Buggy Wugsy watched as our space pod landed on the **pink** planet. A second later, I climbed out, followed by Thea, Trap, and Professor Greenfur.

“Uncle Geronimo, Aunt Thea, **where are you?**” Benjamin asked.

“Benjamin?” Thea replied. “We’re . . . *bip bip bip* . . . landing on the surface . . . *bip bip bip* . . . of the **planet Rattos**.”



There are . . . *bip bip bip* —”

But the transmission was **interrupted** before she could finish her sentence.

A huge mass of **pink** goo had suddenly appeared in the control room.

The blob of goo oozed onto the control panel, shutting the screen down.

Not another word!



“Not another word, you little **troublemakers!**” the enormous pink blob gurgled **evilly**.



WATCH OUT FOR THE GREAT BLOB!

Come in,
MouseStar 1!



Meanwhile, on the **pink** surface of the planet Rattos, Thea repeatedly tried to call the *MouseStar 1*.

“Come in, *MouseStar 1*,” she said. “Come in!”

But there was **NO REPLY**.

“Someone has interrupted our communication feed,” Thea said, looking **CONCERNED**.

“We’re heading back to the ship immediately!” I told my sister. “Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy could be in **DANGER**! And we may be in danger, too!”

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

GRUMBLOID TRAGICUS

This gigantic insect buzzes like a fly and bites like a mosquito. It grumbles and groans constantly, and the mice it bites also grumble and groan incessantly!



But Trap didn't want to hear it.

"Relax, Cousin," he said. "You **worry** too much! And you grumble more than a **Grumbloid tragicus**! Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy are smart mouselets. They'll be fine. And as for us, what dangerous thing do you think is happening on this planet? There's **nothing** here but rocks, bushes, and that weird **pink** lake."

Trap had barely finished speaking when the **pink** water suddenly came to life!

"Out of my way, you balls of fur!" it said.

GALACTIC GORGONZOLA!



Had the lake really just **talked**? Before I could figure out what was going on, the lake began slithering **right toward us!**

My whiskers **trembled** with fright!

The **pink** lake came closer and spoke again. “What are you doing on **my** planet, you scrawny little furballs?”

Trap, Professor Greenfur, and I **fearfully** backed up.

Only Thea stood her ground.

“See, Geronimo?” she said. “I knew there was something strange about this planet!”

“But . . . but . . . what kind of creature are you?” Professor Greenfur asked in a voice that **trembled** like a leaf.

The **goopy mass** laughed wildly.

“Ha, ha, ha!” he said gleefully. “I am the **Great Blob!** I bet you didn’t know what was happening, right? I’ll explain it to



W-what?

Ha, ha, ha!



you, you silly mice! There's no such thing as **pink mousoids**! The ones you met on your spaceship were parts of me! **HA, HA, HA!** I, the **Great Blob**, have the power to transform myself into **anything**. I can even separate pieces of my **IMMENSE** body, and they may look different, but they are still part of me!"

Mousey meteorites! I was squeakless with fright.

"Of course!" exclaimed Professor Greenfur as he slapped his forehead in disbelief. Unlike me, he understood everything. "You are a **fluid** and shape-shifting **life-form**!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The **Great Blob** bragged, "Exactly! I sent pieces of myself up to your spaceship in the form of





I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!

I am the
Great Blob!



pink tetrastellium. Then in the middle of the night, the tetrastellium **MORPHED** and escaped, and now it's taken control of your ship!

Oh, I am so, so wicked!"

"But how is that possible?!" I exclaimed.

"You don't believe me?" he replied.

"Look, cheesebrain! See how I transformed into pink mousoids!"

With that, the Great Blob momentarily took the shape of the **pink mousoids** who had brought the pink tetrastellium to the *MouseStar 1*. Then, just as quickly, he turned back into a pink puddle.

"But why do you want to **TAKE CONTROL** of our spaceship?" Thea asked.

"Because this planet is **boring, boring, boring!**" The Great Blob



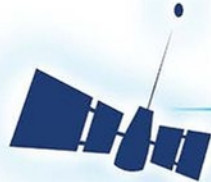
gurgled. “I want a powerful spaceship like yours so I can get out of here. I’ll invade every **GALAXY** in the **UNIVERSE**, and I’ll continue to transform myself until the whole universe is populated only by **ME**!”

I **shuddered**. What a horrible thought! “**You’ll never do it!**” Thea cried. “We’ll stop you!”

“And how do you plan to stop me, you miserable little rodents?”

“Don’t underestimate us!” my sister replied. “The universe is full of danger, but there are lots of **good** creatures out there, too — and many are our **FRIENDS**!”

The Great Blob just laughed. “Perhaps these **FRIENDS** of yours exist, but they’ll **never** find you,” he cackled. “And do you know why? Because you will stay imprisoned here forever!”



WHOOSH! WHOOSH! BOING!

Meanwhile, on the *MouseStar 1*, the gooey pink monster grabbed Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy by their tails.

“I am the Great Blob!”

he shouted. “No more questions, you nosy little mouselets!”

Hologramix suddenly appeared in the control room. **“What’s going on here?”**

Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy used the distraction to **free** themselves from the pink blob.

“Let’s get out here!” Bugsy Wugsy yelled.

The Great Blob **chased** them through the hallways of the *MouseStar 1*.



“Quick, let’s **Squeeze** into the air ducts!” Benjamin suggested.

Robotix helped them unscrew the air vent. Then Benjamin, Buggy Wuggy, and the little robot squeezed into the spaceship’s slippery metal pipes. **Whoosh! Whoosh! Boing!**

“Wow!” Benjamin squeaked. “This is better than the **SLIDES** at Astral Park!”

“Maybe, but I’m getting covered in **dents!**”



THE *MOUSESTAR* 1'S AIR DUCTS

the robot grumbled.

The three found themselves in a **dark** storage room.

“Where are we?” Bugsy Wugsy asked. “I can’t **SEE** anything.”

Robotix quickly rearranged his bolts. “I’ve got it!” he replied. A moment later, the robot’s eyes **lit up** like two lamps.

“What is this place?” Benjamin asked, looking around.

The storage room was full of large **CRATES**.



“We’re in the storeroom for the spaceship’s **SPARE PARTS**,” Robotix explained.

Suddenly, they heard a strange sound coming from one of the large crates:

Tock! Tock! Tock!

Robotix tapped the crate with his robotic arm: **Tick! Tick! Tick!**

Immediately, there was a response: **Tock! Tock! Tock!**

Bugsy Wugsy grew impatient. “Robotix, please, stop all that





tick, tick, ticking and **tock, tock, tocking**: The Great Blob will find us!”

“I’m not the one going **tock, tock, tock!**” Robotix replied.

Suddenly, there was a voice from **INSIDE** the crate.

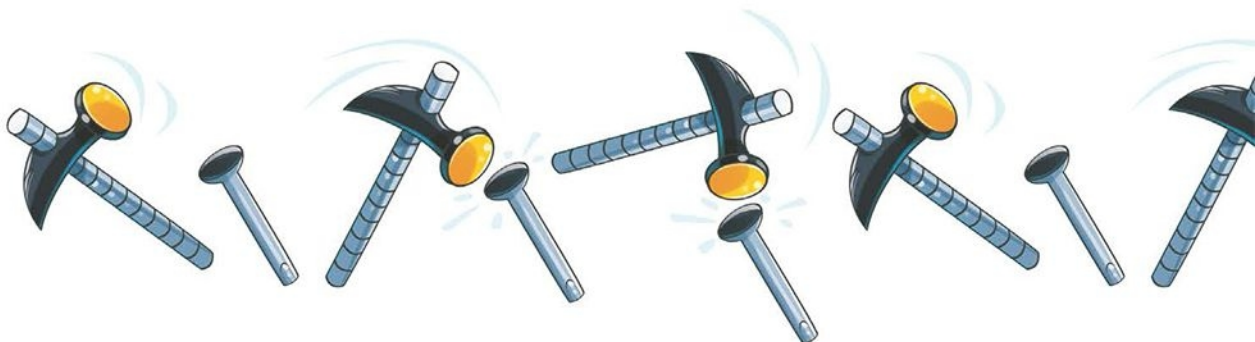
“Help!” the voice squeaked. “Get me out of here!”

It was **Sally de Wrench!**

Robotix extended his robotic hammer and chisel, and a moment later, he had **opened** the crate.

Sally jumped out. “Finally!” she shouted.

“**WHAT HAPPENED?**” Benjamin asked, shocked.





“I’ve been shut in there for hours,” Sally explained. “After dinner, I was in my cabin getting ready for bed when an **enormouse pink gooey blob** attacked me and shut me up in this crate.”

But before she could finish her story, the **STOREROOM** door was suddenly flung open.





PRISONERS OF THE GREAT BLOB!

It was the Great Blob!

“Surrender!” the **gooey** pink monster exclaimed. “You are prisoners of the **Great Blob!**”

Sally turned to Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy.

“Quick!” she said. “Over there is some **superglue** that I use to fix the spaceship. Maybe we can use it to glue down the monster and **IMMOBILIZE** him!”

“**Ha, ha, ha!**” the Great Blob gurgled. “It’s not that easy to **capture** me!”

Suddenly, the pink blob spread out, growing **LARGER** and **LARGER** until



it finally divided into hundreds of **tiny** identical parts that slid around the spaceship's floor and **disappeared** in an instant.

"Where did he go?" Benjamin asked, confused. "He couldn't have **dissolved** into nothing!"

Robotix **floated** around, inspecting every corner of the room. Then he gasped.

"Look!" he cried. ***The fire extinguisher is moving . . . and it's pink!***

Suddenly, the pink fire extinguisher started to quickly **BOUNCE** out into the hallway.

Boing! Boing! Boing!

"Doesn't that control panel seem a little **pink**, too?" Benjamin asked.





A second later, the control panel **melted** into a pink puddle and slid away.

“The Great Blob has divided into many small parts and then **transformed** into the objects in this room!” Bugsy Wugsy exclaimed.

Sally didn’t waste a second. “It will be difficult to **CAPTURE** all the Blob parts, but we have to try,” she said. “Come on, let’s search **every** corner of this spaceship! When you see a piece of the Great Blob, squirt it with superglue to **immobilize** it!”

And so the group armed themselves with **superglue** and started to search the ship for every piece of the Great Blob.

In the bathroom, a strangely **pink** sink made a face at Benjamin and quickly escaped right before his **eyes**.

In the hallway, a pink doorknob grabbed Bugsy Wugsy by the tail. Luckily, Benjamin



sprayed the doorknob with **superglue**, saving Bugsy from being captured by the Great Blob.

In the control room, a **pink chair** tried to bite poor Robotix. The Great Blob also transformed into buttons, monitors, and



cables that cried out all together: **"This ship belongs to the Great Blob!"**

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

SUPERGLUE

Superglue is an indispensable tool for every spacemouse and should always be kept at close paw's reach. It can fix (almost) anything, from broken vases to cracked spaceship windows to Robotix's metal parts to the holographic screen in the control room. It can also be used to immobilize blobby pink aliens from the planet Rattos!



Don't get
any closer!

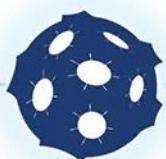
Ha, ha, ha!



Help!

Let me go!

Gotcha!



I CHALLENGE YOU!

Meanwhile, on the planet Rattos, the **Great Blob** had claimed victory over me, Thea, Trap, and Professor Greenfur.

"I WIN!" the Great Blob cackled. "Your spaceship is already mine!"

"How do you know that?" I asked. "Communication with the *MouseStar 1* is down."

The Great Blob burst out laughing. **"Ha, ha, ha!"** he cackled. "I am here, but I am also there. I am wherever there's a drop of my pink **goo**. Soon I will leave you four behind on this **boring** planet and take your spaceship to **conquer the universe!**"



I felt like the **WORST** captain in intergalactic history! I had failed my mission and I was about to lose the *MouseStar 1*.

Professor Greenfur was sweating rivers of sap from nerves.

Thea was **shaking** with anger.

Trap, on the other paw, had come up with a shrewd plan.

“So, Great Blob, would you say that you’re a **CHAMPION** at transformation?” Trap asked the glob of goo.

“Of course!” the Great Blob proclaimed **PROUDLY**, puffing up his blobby pink chest.

“No one in the universe is better than me!”

“**Then I challenge you!**” Trap exclaimed.

I was shocked. What in space was my cousin up to?

The **Great Blob** also seemed surprised.



I CHALLENGE YOU!

But Trap continued. “Let’s really see what kind of transformation you can do,” he said. Then he **GRINNED** sneakily.

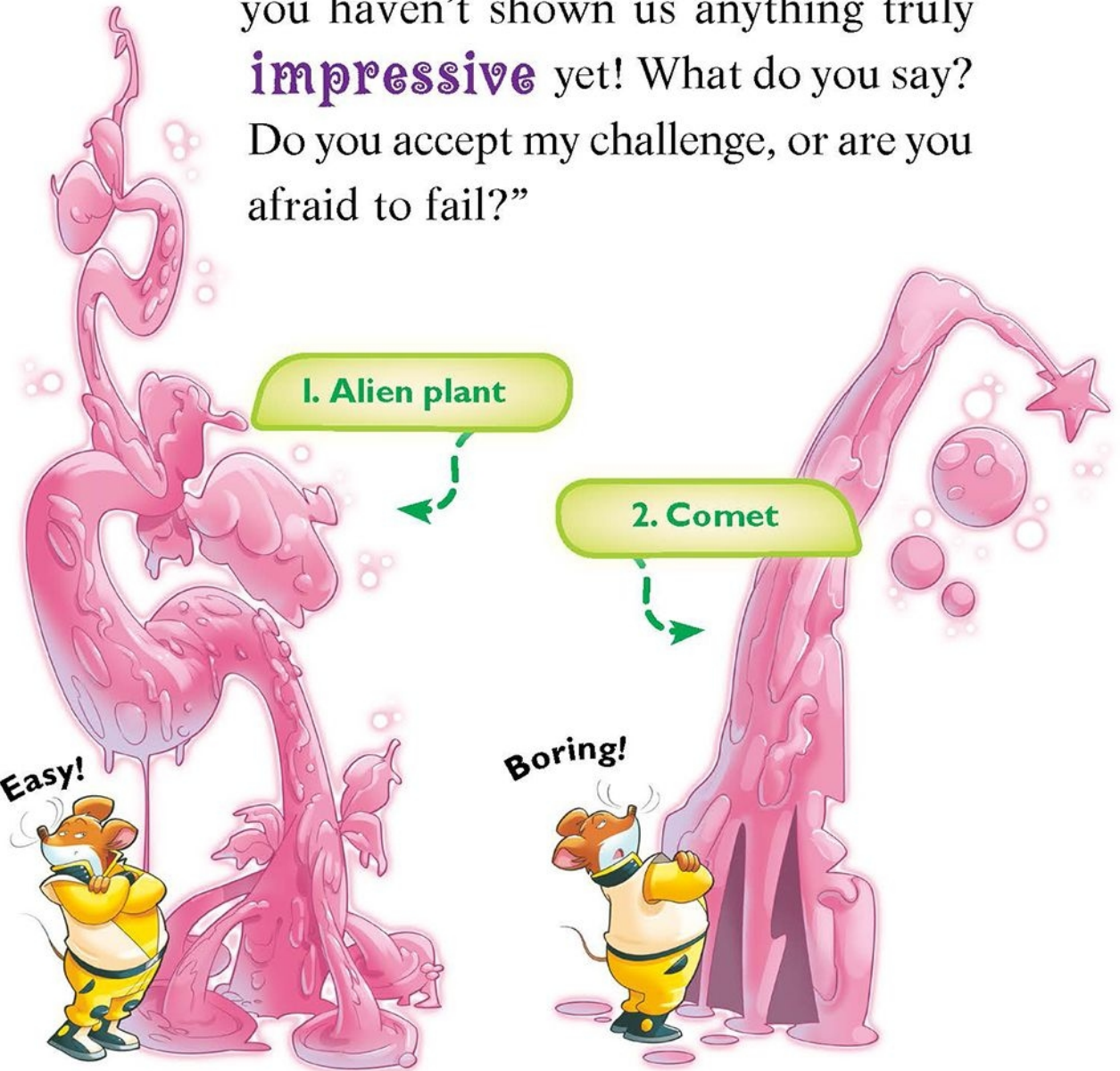
“You say you’re so good, Great Blob, but you haven’t shown us anything truly **impressive** yet! What do you say? Do you accept my challenge, or are you afraid to fail?”

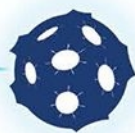
1. Alien plant

2. Comet

Easy!

Boring!





“Just watch, you impertinent mouse!” the Great Blob thundered, insulted.

A moment later, he showed us a series of **transformations**. He became:

1. a strange alien **plant** . . .
2. a **comet** with a long tail, and . . .
3. a gigantic **dinosaur**!





“So?!” the Great Blob asked proudly. “Is that **impressive** enough for you?”

Trap yawned. “Is that it?”

“What do you mean, **‘IS THAT IT?’!**” the Great Blob replied **angrily**.

“That was nothing!” Trap explained. “You’re the one who **chose** what you transformed into! But to show us that you’re truly great, you must **transform** into what I choose!”

I HAD NO IDEA WHAT
TRAP WAS UP TO,
BUT I HOPED IT WAS
**SOMETHING
GOOD!**



A SUPERSTELLAR CONTEST

The Great Blob seemed to be on the brink of
LOSING HIS PATIENCE.

“Miserable mice, now you’ve really
ANNOYED me!” he thundered
threateningly.

My whiskers trembled with **fear!** But
Trap stood his ground.

“Impertinent mouse, how dare you
challenge me?” the Great Blob said to
Trap. “Tell me what shape you want me to
take! Then you’ll see that there’s nothing I
can’t **imitate**, because I am the
Great Blob!”

My **fUR** stood on end. The Great Blob



was really **FURIOUS**! How had I gotten into this **mess**? I never asked to become the **captain** of a spaceship. I never asked to go on a **MISSION** to an alien planet. I always wanted to be a quiet *novelist*! And why, oh, why did my cousin have to continue to annoy this gigantic, **SCARY** blob of a creature?

Meanwhile, Trap calmly took a box of cheesy mints out of his pocket. He emptied all but one mint into his mouth and polished them off with one giant **GULP**.

“You’ve transformed yourself into things that are huge, but can you change into something as **small** as this piece of candy?” Trap





asked the Great Blob, showing him the tiny **mint**.

The **Great Blob** seemed angrier than ever.

“Of course I can do that!” he shouted.

“But can you fit **all** of yourself — and I mean every last drop of you — in this box?” Trap asked. “I’m not sure you can!”

The Great Blob threw his gooey mouth open and laughed. “**Ha, ha, ha!**” he said. “Is that it? That’s such an **easy** challenge. In fact, that’s the **easiest** challenge in the entire **UNIVERSE!**”

And with that he made himself **smaller** and **smaller**, till he was the **smallest** we had seen him yet. Then he called back all the little pieces of **goo** that were on the *MouseStar 1* and made them so **tiny** that a moment later, he was just a **minuscule** pink dot. Finally,



he squeezed himself into the box!

“See? I win!” he said from **inside** the box.
“**All** of me, and I mean every last drop of me, is in here!”

Then, **FASTER** than a shooting star, Trap closed the box.

Snap!

Quick-thinking Thea took out a tube of superglue and glued the box **shut** so the Great Blob could **never, ever** get out.

We were **SAVED!**



Can you become as small
as this tiny piece of candy?



Not bad ...



Aha!
You're trapped!

SNAP!



SPACEMICE FOR ONE, SPACEMICE FOR ALL

“Hooray!” we shouted together. “We’ve defeated the **Great Blob!**”

We were preparing to return to the *MouseStar 1* when Professor Greenfur noticed **something** in the bottom of the lake where the Great Blob had been just minutes before.

“Look!” the professor cried. He pointed to the **empty** lake. We could see a **crack** in the dry ground. And in the crack was a large deposit of **tetrastellium!**

Professor Greenfur analyzed the deposit with his portable **SUPER-DETECTOR**.

“**Captain Stiltonix**, I can confirm that



this is tetrastellium, and it's completely pure!" he finally concluded.

I let out a *sigh* of relief and thanked my **lucky stars**: We would be able to save the *MouseStar 1* from destruction after all!

"Quick, to the spaceship!" I cried.

We flew back to the *MouseStar 1* **faster than the speed of light**, taking





a very precious and **HEAVY** load of *tetrastellium* with us!

We had to move quickly. We had no idea how much longer the tetrastellar batteries would last!

As soon as I got back to the control room, I gave Sally the tetrastellium and asked her to switch out the tetrastellar batteries.

Then I thanked Trap for his **QUICK** thinking.

“Cousin, that was truly amazing!” I told him.

“Thanks!” he replied proudly. “And now, how about we celebrate with an enormouse cheese **banquet**?”

My cousin Trap never changes!

But this time he was truly a **HERO**. It was thanks to him that we had managed to defeat the Great Blob!

So we organized a big **party** for the whole crew.



Grandfather William made an official speech. “Thank you, Benjamin and Buggy Wugsy. You behaved like true **space** heroes. You both deserve **MEDALS**! And you, Sally: the idea to use **superglue** was brilliant!”

Then he turned to Thea. “My dear Thea, your courage and intelligence **saved** the *MouseStar 1*,” he said.

He walked over to Trap. “Well done, Grandson,” he said, patting him on the back. “Your candy **trick** was very impressive. You remind me of myself when I was **young**!”

He even had a compliment for **PROFESSOR GREENFUR**. “A scientist is indispensable on a spaceship, and your expertise is **valued** highly!” he told the professor.



Grandfather William



Finally, he turned to me. “Grandson, I didn’t think you **had it in you!**” he said. “You really came through this time.”

We **TOASTED** one another with Cook Squizzy’s famous cheddar shakes with chocolate space sprinkles as we recited the **Creed of the Spacemice**.

I, of course, couldn’t wait to return to my cabin so that I could finally start *writing* my very first book. I decided to write all about this **adventure**! I hope you enjoyed reading it. Until next time, my dear mouse friends, I am **Geronimo Stiltonix** . . . captain of the **MOUSESTAR 1!**

THE CREED OF THE SPACEMICE

We are the spacemice,
gentle and sure.
Our missions are good,
and our hearts are pure.



Intergalactic adventure
is the name of our game.
We'll come to the rescue,
and it's not for the fame.



Our spaceship flies
through the universe with ease.
Friendship, to us,
is more precious than cheese.



The Cheddar Galaxy
is our cosmic home.
With spacemice for friends,
you're never alone.



For the spacemice ...
Hip hip ...

Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray!



Long live the MouseStar !!



Spacemice,
I am so proud
of you!



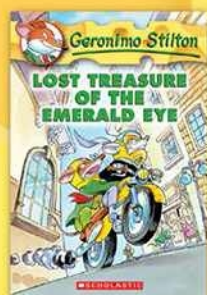
*Want to read the next adventure of
the spacemice? I can't wait to tell you
all about it!*

YOU'RE MINE, CAPTAIN!

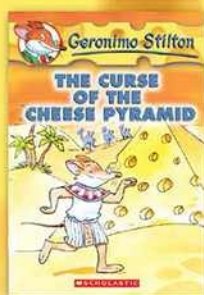
The *MouseStar 1* is contacted by strange aliens whose ship has broken down! Geronimo Stiltonix is happy to help them out, and even accompanies them to their home planet, Flurkon. But during his visit, the alien queen becomes enchanted by Geronimo — and wants to marry him! Will he be forced to stay on Flurkon forever?



**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



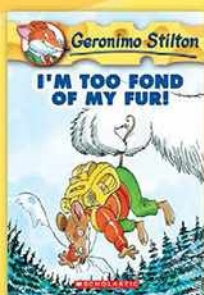
#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



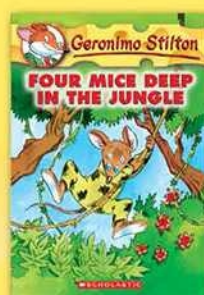
#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



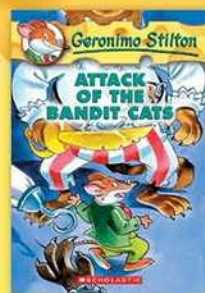
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



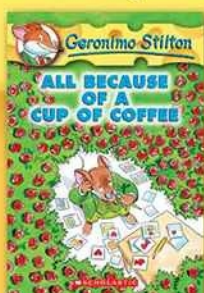
#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



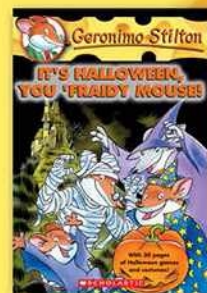
#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



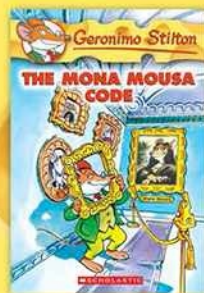
#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



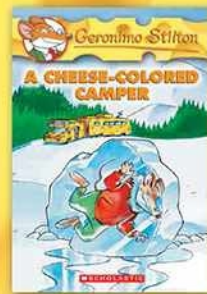
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



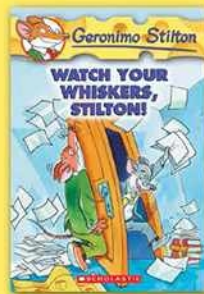
#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



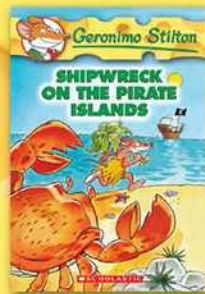
#15 The Mona Mousa Code



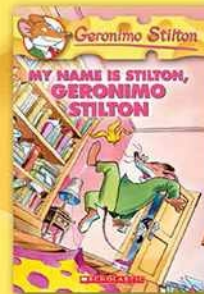
#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



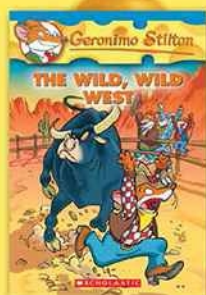
#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



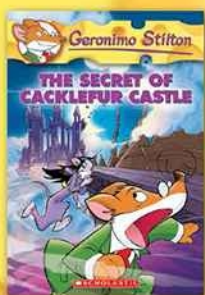
#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



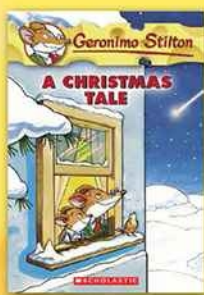
#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



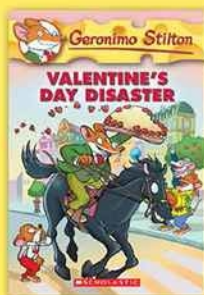
#21 The Wild, Wild West



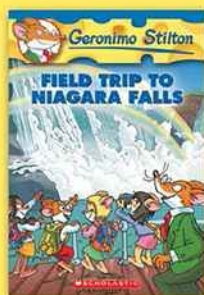
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



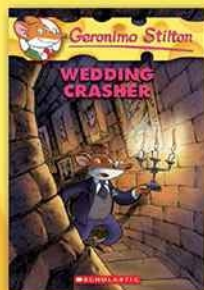
#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



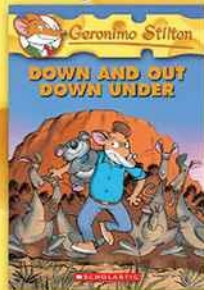
#26 The Mummy with No Name



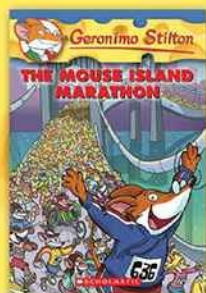
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



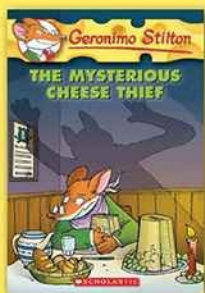
#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



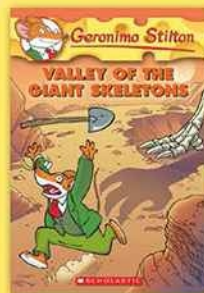
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



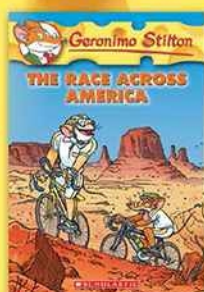
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



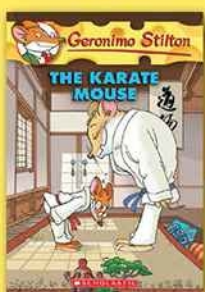
#37 The Race Across America



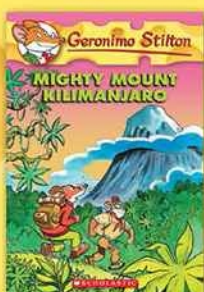
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



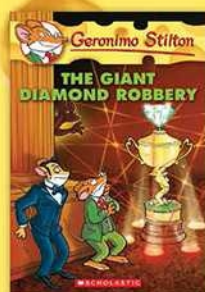
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



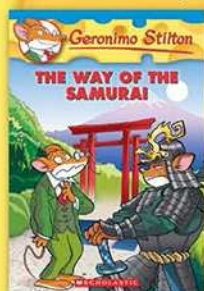
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



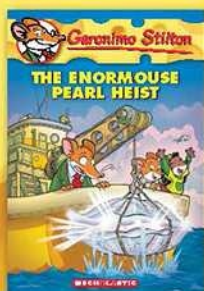
#48 The Mystery in Venice



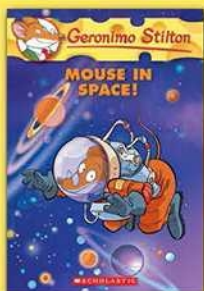
#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



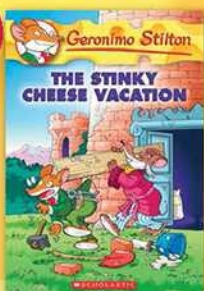
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



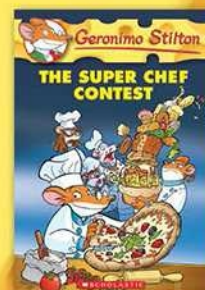
#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



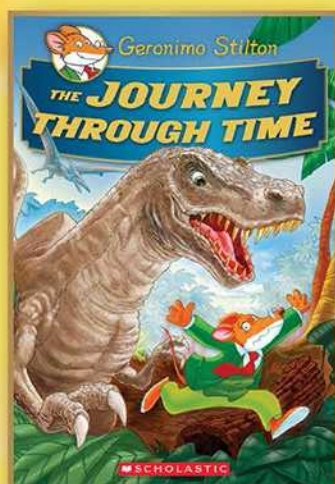
#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



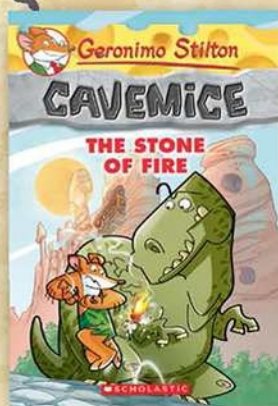
Don't miss my journey through time!



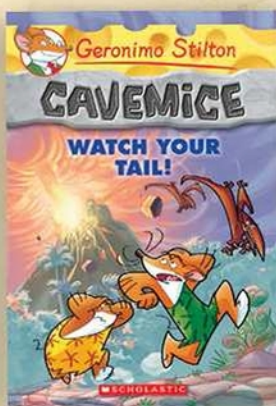


Meet GERONIMO STILTONOOT

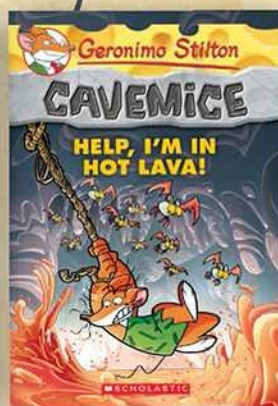
He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



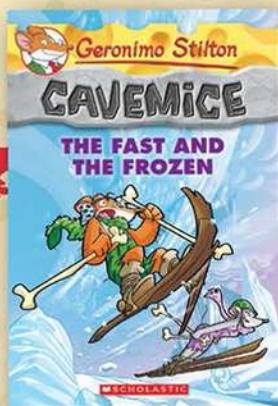
#1 The Stone of Fire



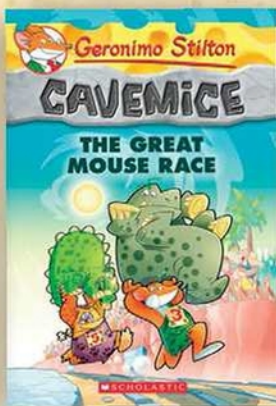
#2 Watch Your Tail!



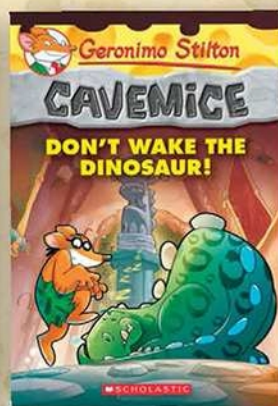
#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen



#5 The Great Mouse Race



#6 Don't Wake the Dinosaur!



**Don't miss
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code



Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck



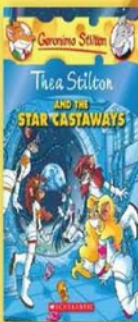
Thea Stilton and the
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris



Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure



Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt



Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express



Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows



Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers



Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den



Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist



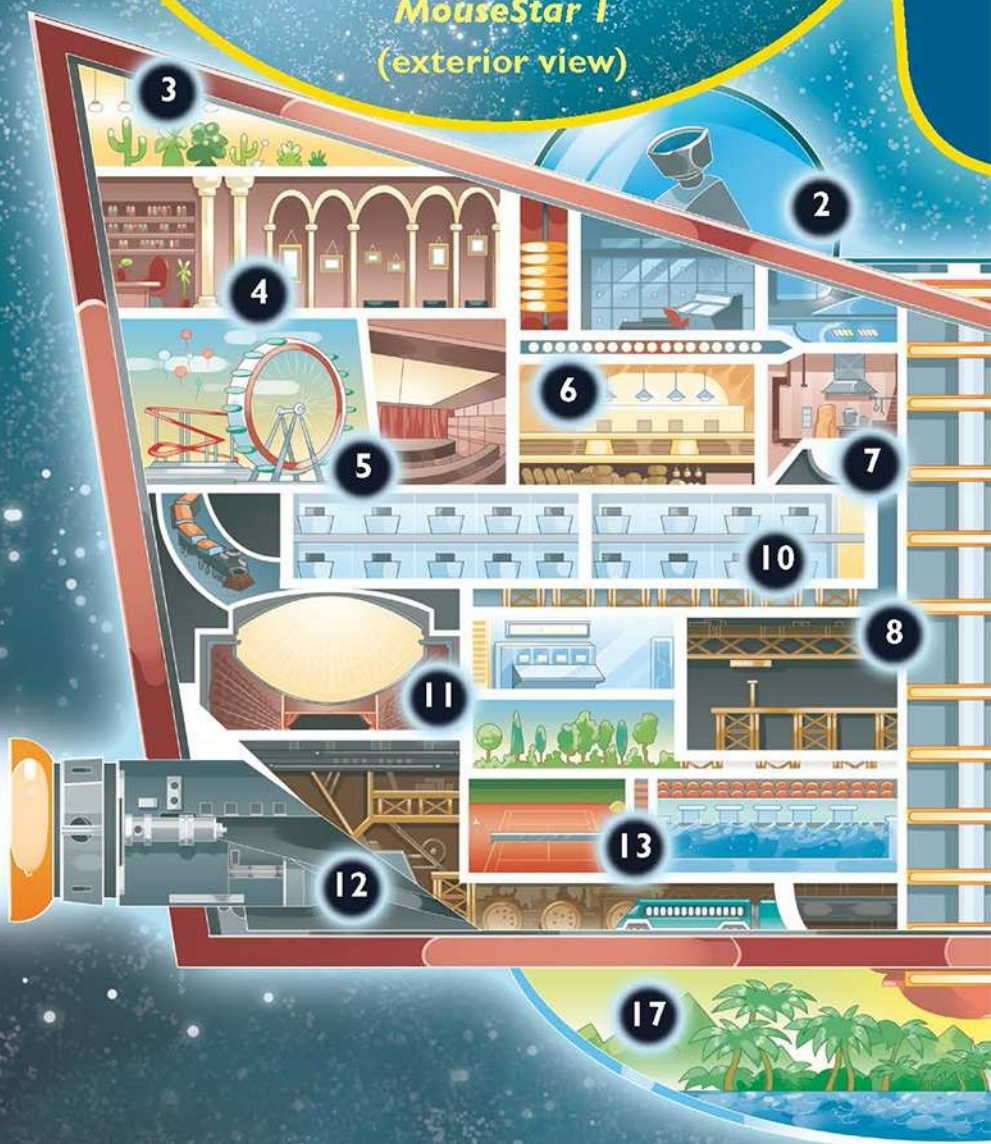
Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage

MouseStar 1

The spaceship, home, and refuge of the spacemice!



MouseStar 1
(exterior view)



1. Control room
2. Gigantic telescope
3. Greenhouse to grow plants and flowers
4. Library and reading room
5. Astral Park, an amusement park
6. Space Yum Café
7. Kitchen
8. Liftrix, the special elevator that moves between all floors of the spaceship
9. Computer room
10. Crew cabins
11. Theater for space shows
12. Warp-speed engines
13. Tennis court and swimming pool
14. Multipurpose technogym
15. Space pods for exploration
16. Cargo hold for food supply
17. Natural biosphere



*Dear mouse friends,
thanks for reading,
and good-bye until the next book.
See you in outer space!*



MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!

ALIEN ESCAPE

Geronimo Stiltonix's spaceship is in danger of exploding! The only solution is to replace the engine's batteries by tracking down a rare element. When a group of mysterious aliens claim they can help, Geronimo is relieved. But are the aliens as friendly as they seem?



 SCHOLASTIC



APPEALS TO
2ND-4TH GRADERS

READING LEVEL
GRADE 4

www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton
www.geronimostilton.com

More leveling information for this book:
www.scholastic.com/readinglevel